

THE
HAUNCH OF VENISON,
A
POETICAL EPISTLE
TO
LORD CLARE.

A NEW EDITION.



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THE
HAUNCH OF VENISON,

A
POETICAL EPISTLE

TO
LORD CLARE.

By the late Dr. GOLDSMITH.

A NEW EDITION,
With considerable ADDITIONS and CORRECTIONS,
Taken from the AUTHOR's *last* Transcript.

With a HEAD of the AUTHOR,
Drawn by HENRY BUNBURY, Esq; and Etched by BRETHERTON.

L O N D O N :

Printed for G. KEARSLY, in Fleet Street; and J. RIDLEY, in St. James's Street.

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THE

HAUNCH OF VENISON

POETICALLY EXPLAINED

TO

LORD C. D. B. A. R. E.

By the late Mr. G. D. B. A. R. E.

With comments and additions by the author.

THE END OF THE MATTER

With a new edition of the

History of the HUNCH OF VENISON

L O N D O N

Printed by G. E. B. A. R. E., at the Press of the

UNIVERSITY

[8]

A

POETICAL EPISTLE

FROM THE LATE
Dr. OLIVER GOLDSMITH

THANKS, my Lord, for your Venison, for finer or fatter
Never rang'd in a forest, or smok'd in a platter;
The Haunch was a picture for Painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy.
Tho' my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help regretting,
To spoil such a delicate picture by eating;

I had thoughts, in my Chambers, to place it in view,

To be shewn to my Friends as a piece of *Virtu*;

As in some *Irish* houses, where things are so so,

One Gammon of Bacon hangs up for a show:

But for eating a Rasher of what they take pride in,

They'd as soon think of eating the Pan it is fry'd in.

But hold—let me pause—Don't I hear you pronounce,

This tale of the Bacon a damnable Bounce?

Well, suppose it a Bounce—sure a Poet may try,

By a Bounce now and then, to get Courage to fly:

But, my Lord, it's no Bounce: I protest in my Turn,

It's a Truth—and your Lordship may ask Mr. *Burn*.

To

To go on with my Tale—as I gaz'd on the Haunch,
 I thought of a Friend that was trusty and staunch;
 So I cut it, and sent it to *Reynolds* undrest,
 To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best.
 Of the Neck and the Breast I had next to dispose;
 'Twas a Neck and a Breast that might rival *M—r—se*;
 But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
 With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when.
 There's *H—d*, and *C—y*, and *H—rtb*, and *H—ff*,
 I think they love Venison—I know they love Beef.
 There's my Countryman *H-gg-ns*—Oh! let him alone,
 For making a Blunder, or picking a Bone.

But

But hang it—to Poets who seldom can eat,
 Your very good Mutton's a very good Treat;
 Such Dainties to them their Health it might hurt,
 It's like sending them Ruffles, when wanting a Shirt.
 While thus I debated, in Reverie center'd,
 An Acquaintance, a Friend as he call'd himself, enter'd;
 An under-bred, fine-spoken Fellow was he,
 And he smil'd, as he look'd at the Venison and me.
 What have we got here?—Why this is good eating!
 Your own I suppose—or it is in Waiting?
 Why whose should it be? cried I, with a Flounce,
 I get these Things often,—but that was a Bounce:

Some Lords, my acquaintance, that fettle the nation,

Are pleas'd to be kind — but I hate ostentation.

If that be the case then, cried he, very gay,

I'm glad I have taken this House in my Way.

To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me ;

No Words — I insist on't — precisely at three :

We'll have *Johnson*, and *Burke*, all the Wits will be there,

My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my *Lord Clare*.

And now that I think on't, as I am a finner !

We wanted this Venison to make out the Dinner.

What say you — a pasty — it shall, and it must,

And my Wife, little *Kitty*, is famous for craft.

D

Here

Here, Porter — this venison with me to *Mile-end*;

No stirring — I beg — my dear friend — my dear friend!

Thus snatching his hat, he brusht off like the wind,

And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,

And no body with me at sea but myself;

Tho' I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,

Yet *Johnson*, and *Burke*, and a good venison pasty,

Were things that I never dislik'd in my life,

Tho' clogg'd with a coxcomb, and *Kitty* his Wife.

So next Day in due splendor to make my approach,

I drove to his door in my own Hackney-coach.

When

When come to the place where we all were to dine,
 (A chair lumber'd closet just twelve feet by nine :)
 My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb,
 With tidings that *Johnson*, and *Burke* would not come.
 For I knew it, he cried, both eternally fail,
 The one with his speeches, and t'other with *Thrale*;
 But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party,
 With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
 The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,
 They both of them merry, and authors like you;
 The one writes the *Snarler*, the other the *Scourge*;
 Some think he writes *Cinna*—he owns to *Panurge*.

While

While thus he describ'd them by trade, and by name,

They enter'd, and dinner was serv'd as they came.

At the top a fried liver, and bacon were seen,

At the bottom was tripe, in a swinging tureen;

At the Sides there was spinnage and pudding made hot;

In the middle a place where the pastry — was not.

Now, my Lord, as for Tripe it's my utter aversion,

And your Bacon I hate like a *Turk* or a *Persian*;

So there I sat stuck, like a horse in a pound,

While the bacon and liver went merrily round:

But what vex'd me most, was that d—'d *Scottish* Rogue,

With his long-winded speeches, his smiles and his brogue.

And

And Madam, quoth he, may this bit be my poison,
 A prettier dinner I never set eyes on;
 Pray a slice of your liver, tho' may I be curst,
 But I've eat of your tripe, till I'm ready to burst.
 The Tripe, quoth the *Jew*, with his chocolate cheek,
 I could dine on this tripe seven days in the week:
 I like these here dinners, so pretty and small;
 But your Friend there, the Doctor, eats nothing at all.
 O — Oh! quoth my Friend, he'll come on in a trice,
 He's keeping a corner for something that's nice:
 There's a Pasty — A Pasty! repeated the *Jew*;
 I don't care, if I keep a corner for't too,

What the De'il, Mon, a Pasty! re-echoed the *Scot*;
 Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for that.
 We'll all keep a corner, the Lady cried out;
 We'll all keep a corner was echoed about.
 While thus we resolv'd, and the Pasty delay'd,
 With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the Maid;
 A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
 Wak'd *Priam* in drawing his curtains by night.
 But we quickly found out, for who could mistake her?
 That she came with some terrible news from the Baker:
 And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven,
 Had shut out the Pasty on shutting his oven.

Sad

Sad Philomel thus—but let Similes drop—

And now that I think on't, the Story may stop.

To be plain, my good Lord, it's but labour misplac'd,

To send such good verses to one of your taste ;

You've got an odd something—a kind of discerning—

A relish—a taste—ficken'd over by learning ;

At least, it's your temper, as very well known,

That you think very slightly of all that's your own :

So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,

You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

F I N I S.

And now that I think on't, the story may stop—

To be plain, my good Lord, its but labour mightily

To find such good veins to one of your taste;

You've got an odd something—a kind of collecting—

A relish—a taste—fickens'd over by learning;

At least it's your temper, as very well known,

That you think very rightly of all that's your own:

So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,

You may make a mistake, and think rightly of this.



E P I T A P H.

THIS tomb, inscrib'd to gentle PARNEL's name,
 May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.

What heart but feels his sweetly-moral lay,
 That leads to Truth thro' Pleasure's flow'ry way?
 Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid;
 And Heav'n, that lent him Genius, was repaid.
 Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
 The transitory breath of Fame below:
 More lasting rapture from his Works shall rise,
 While Converts thank their Poet in the skies.

E FROM



FROM THE
Oratorio of the CAPTIVITY,

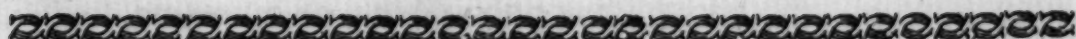
BY
Dr. GOLD SMITH.

S O N G.

THE Wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on Hope relies ;
And ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
Bids Expectation rise.

Hope, like the glim'ring taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way ;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

S O N G.



S O N G.

I.

O Memory ! thou fond deceiver,
 Still importunate and vain,
 To former joys, recurring ever,
 And turning all the past to pain ;

II.

Thou, like the world, th' oppress'd oppressing,
 Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe ?
 And he who wants each other blessing,
 In thee must ever find a foe.

